

Outbreak

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Summary: The tide is coming. It all begins on Earth...

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Outbreak\*\***

**\*\*A/N: Just thought I'd write this.\*\***

**\*\*Anyway, I like writing in this field. Because the author's always acknowledge the works of one another and give credit where needed. I like that. I can't say the same if Mass Effect/Halo Xovers. I write/read a unique story, a few months later; paraphrased ones crop up without crediting to others.\*\***

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\_Watchtowerâ€¦|\_

Sleep did not come easily for Wonder Woman, nor did it become easier when she fell into its comforting darkness. The Amazon tossed and turned as horrific, unexplainable visions plagued her dreams.

\_There were two of them, two armoured warriors. They were taller and bigger than the average human. They ran, firing their weapons at an enemy that just flooded out of everything.\_

The images stopped, but then another one began to unfold.

\_The thing, whatever it was it was gigantic, its tentacle limbs spanned for miles. Its head, or what appeared to be its head, was like a plant of some kin. Whenever it spoke, it exhaled a green mist. It's voice, was a deep and raspy chorus, like the dying of many, calling out at once.\_

"\_I? I am the monument to all your sins," it said, "I am the thinking

dead, the mass graves unified into one. I am the Gravemind."\_

Diana's respiration began to quicken, she felt great fear.

"\_Join your chorus with mine and sing everlasting victory!"\_

Immediately, the Amazon princess shot up from her bed screaming. She quickly calmed herself and slowed down her breathing. Having experienced such a nightmare, she flicked on the light in her room, and was welcomed by the sight of her Spartan surroundings. The creaking of the bulkheads and the sound of her breathing was all that could be heard in the room. She was safe, for now.

Realising sleep would not come for her again for the night; Diana threw off her blanket and swung her bare shapely legs off the bed. She put on some casual clothes and threw her shorts and singlet onto a chair, before walking out.

The Amazon walked through the matte grey hallways of the founding member's dorms with grace and elegance. Many of the Justice League members were either planet side or had turned in for the night. Clark was spending time with Lois; Wally was out with friends, and so on. Diana then entered the kitchen and made herself a mocha frappe. As the blender whirred, the Warrior Princess reflected on her dream, it was too abnormal, too strong handed to have been just a dream. It was a vision, a prophetic vision; there was no doubt about it. The blender stopped its low droning, signalling that the blended contents were ready for use, in this case, consumption. Diana then poured the ice cold beverage into a large cup and added cream and chocolate sprinkles before leaving the kitchen.

As she walked out with the drink in hand, she noticed that the Founding Member's Lounge was empty; Diana had always valued the solace that was rarely offered on the Watchtower. But she needed someone to talk to, however Shayera was asleep and everyone would get suspicious if she got up and went to Themyscira. So, she headed towards the monitor room, there was always someone on duty there that she could talk to.

Though when she entered, she noticed something different about the monitor room. Its dimmed lights accentuated the cream colour of her clothes, and there was only one person known to ever have the lights dimmed when on duty, but that one person is supposed to be in Gotham on patrol.

"Trouble sleeping princess?" the Dark Knight inquired.

"Who says I'm having trouble sleeping?" Diana replied equally.

The Caped Crusader swivelled round in his chair to face the approaching Wonder Woman.

"You added whipped cream to your frappe which you then coated in a thick layer of chocolate sprinkles."

"Dammit," she cursed, he was always the one person who could read her like an open children's book with annotations. The two always had this sought of light bantering match when one was irritated, most of

the time it would be her, rather than him. It was how their \_friendship\_ worked. Their personalities complimented each other in so many ways. Diana was open about voicing her opinions because of her warrior like instincts, but Bruce was always stoic and chivalric like a knight.

"Let's stop sparring," he said kindly.

Diana was taken back for a moment, his tone was genuine. She hadn't seen this side of him before. Then again, he always knew what she needed, but than she did herself.

"What's wrong?" his tone was sincere.

The princess sat down on the seat next to him and took a long swig of her drink, letting the cold drink cascade down her throat and chilling her to the core. Diana then exhaled and pinched the bridge of her nose.

"Don't have to tell me if you don't want to." There was that kindness and warmth that was rarely seen, it made Diana feel warm and fuzzy in contrast to where the cool beverage lay within her.

"Not now," she said as she ran her hand through her jet black silky hair.

Bruce gave an understanding nod.

"Can we just play chess?" asked Diana, "It helps me clear my mind."

"Of course."

The Dark Knight unlocked a hidden cabinet under the desk and pulled out a marble chess board. Diana was surprised that he had one there, deep down, she knew he kept it there for her.

"Is it okay if I take some time off next week?" the Princess asked as she helped him set the pieces.

"Sure, I'll cover for you."

Diana beamed a warm smile,  
"thanks."

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\_Themysciraâ€|\_

Diana descended the ramp of the Javelin and was greeted by an honour guard of other Amazons. The sunlight glistened off her fair skin and armour as she walked towards her awaiting mother.

"Mother," Wonder Woman said warmly and hugged her parent.

"Diana," Hippolyta said with equal joy as she planted a kiss on her daughter's cheek, "come, there is much to talk about, Hera wishes to speak to you."

â€|

Diana had been to many temples during her time in the world of men, though few of them matched the beauty of Hera's temple. The white marble pillars provided a great view over the surrounding gardens and beyond into the soft blue sea. Themyscira is indeed a paradise, a heaven on Earth.

Hippolyta led her daughter to the main atrium where Hera would transcend into the mortal world and talk to the Amazons. The soft trickling of water from the fountains, the vines that clung to the pillars and the beautiful décor varying from paintings to pillows gave a very peaceful aura.

"Diana," said the Queen, "pray with me."

The two knelt in front of the fountain, where behind it stood a statue of Hera.

Diana and Hippolyta spoke their prayers with grace and in a language that men could not understand. It flowed from them like water, soft and welcoming, washing away any doubts and setting things to rest.

Hera appeared in a soft glow of golden light. Her white robes swayed softly in the breeze.

"Princess Diana," she said in that angelic voice of hers, "I understand you've had some troubling visions."

"Yes," the Amazon humbly answered.

"Your mother too, has been seeing these visions in her sleep."

"What does it mean?" asked Hippolyta.

"Dark times are upon us," answered the Goddess, "something beyond this world will arrive in the realm of men. The gods cannot interfere unless the titans have become involved."

As much as the three did not like it, that was the law that all Greek Gods must abide by. They could not interfere unless the titans emerge.

"What of those two warriors?" asked Diana.

"I know next to nothing about them," answered Hera, "other than they're soldiers and will play an important part."

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\_Unknown locationâ€| Five years after discovery of Forerunner Technology Archives on the newly built Installation 00; Seven years after the promotion of the active Spartan-IIIsâ€|\_

"Chief," said Cortana, "take a left onto the ramp."

"Acknowledged. Kelly, man the gun"

"Copy that John."

The Spartan rolled up the windows and tapped into the console in front of her, giving her access of the Puma's main gun, the M899 Heavy Turret Direct Energy Weapon. The turret's camera's flickered to life and a targeting reticule appeared in the centre of the screen. Kelly quickly grabbed the targeting yoke and pulled the trigger. The tri-barrelled gun immediately spun up and spewed out burning Ion rounds which fried and cooked at every single Flood form chasing them. The weapons sounded like fast violent successions of thunder or electricity discharging whenever it fired.

"Chief, I'm picking up enemy armour on the radar," warned Cortana, "recommend approaching their position from the left, it should give time for the Lieutenant to arm up the plasma missile turrets."

"No problem," said Kelly, "just get us their John."

The Puma's engines hummed as it sped along the desert kicking up sand and crushing Infectious Forms with a satisfying pop.

The Puma is based off the Warthog, except it is bigger and more heavily armoured, acting as an Armoured Personnel Carrier and Medium Assault Vehicle. Providing anti-infantry fire support and moderately effective in armoured warfare. The eight wheeled, amphibious vehicle possessed active stealth systems, anti-missile systems and energy shields, which made it effective in long range missions and to act as infiltration units to transport Special Ops teams on the ground when air was no longer a viable option. Commander-117 and Lieutenant-087 along with Cortana were to contain a minor outbreak, and investigate possible insurrectionist activity, however the situations grew out of hand when Brutes appeared and started wrecking everything, forcing the Spartans to retreat.

John drove the Puma over the sand dune and igniting its booster thrusters giving it additional air time, and clearing a tank trap. The vehicle landed with a dull thud as it squashed a brute beneath it, and spat out the mutilated ape like alien, mixing its gore with the sand. The Spartan accelerated the vehicle, narrowly avoiding a plasma round from the wraith nearby.

"Got a lock on it," said Kelly coolly, "firing."

"Hood is calling," said Cortana, "patching him through."

"Chief, insurrectionists have engaged Loyalist and Flood ground forces at the time, I strongly suggest you get the hell out of their before we glass this place."

"Copy that sir."

The transmission was then cut.

"Cortana, options," John said.

"There is a tunnel two kilometres north of our position; we may be able to get the hell away from here."

"Got it," the Spartan slammed the pedal, jolting the vehicle forward and engaged the thrusters.

"John, enemy forces are easing up on us."

"Good."

The Puma then dove into the tunnel and glided down the ramp and past the heavily engraved metal walls, and then into a huge chamber where a portal lay at the end. John applied the brakes, bringing the Puma to a screeching halt before it fell down a chasm below.

"Cortana, we have a dead end," said Kelly.

Before anyone could say anything, a thunderous explosion tore through the area causing the entrance to collapse and the roof begin to crack.

"Chief," called Hood over the COMs, "the Loyalists have detonated an anti-matter charge-" the Admiral was cut off by static.

A large chunk of the ceiling was then dislodged from the cavern and came crashing down onto the ground, shattering into smaller pieces.

"Through the portal it is," said the Spartan as he slammed the pedal and gunned the vehicle forward over the bridge.

"Here goes nothing," whispered Kelly.

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The Puma shot out of the ground and into the air, before landing back down onto the sand; John felt the impact of the land and gave a slight grunt as the shock absorbers kicked in. The sun shone off the grey armour of the Puma as it roared across familiar brown grasslands.

"Interesting," said Cortana, "the portal has led us to a more habitable environment."

"Seems familiar," said John.

John then turned the Puma around and drove back to the portal and parked the vehicle. He dismounted the APC and shouldered his DEW SCAR with Kelly in tow, wielding a Semi-automatic shotgun. He peered back at the portal, only to see that it no longer was active.

"This looks like it's a one-way trip Chief. The other portal must've been destroyed," said Kelly.

"Cortana, radio the Admiral."

"Copy that Chief."

The AI broadcasted a transmission across the UNSC communication bands both open and encrypted but was met with nothing but static.

"I've got static Chief; they could be on the other side," said the AI.

"Something is not right," said Kelly as she looked towards the blue sky.

"What is it?" asked John.

Kelly pointed to the moon.

"It looks like Luna," said Cortana, "no, that can't be right, if we are on Earth, there should be someone manning the COM channels."

John paced around the area, scanning the landscape with his weary eyes.

"We're not going to get anywhere standing here, let's go." Kelly and John began to return to the Puma, they opened the doors and got in, easing themselves back into the seats and then closing the doors. "Cortana, do you have access to satellite networks."

"Negative on current channels, Chief. Switching to different channels, hold onâ€¦ okay I have linked with current satellite networksâ€¦ wait, this is interesting."

"What is it Cortana?" asked Kelly.

"Satellite encryptions are very minimal; I have easily passed the firewalls. Wait just one moment, I'm shifting through data." But then the AI's tone dropped. "Oh no. No-no-no-no-no-no. This is not good. This bad, very, very bad."

"What is Cortana," said John with urgency.

"We're at Earth, but not our Earth, that portal has sent us into an alternate reality."

Kelly stared blankly at John, "is she okay?"

"Engage the Puma's stealth systems, Chief, and I'll show you where to go."

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**\*\*A/N:** Well got this little intro doneâ€¦ I really should detach myself from story writing a bit and concentrating on my studiesâ€¦ pulling all-nighters ain't fun.**\*\***

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*A/N:** The next quick chapterâ€¦ please review once you've done readingâ€¦ that is all.**\*\***

**\*\*Also,** if you haven't noticed, I am basing some elements of this story from **\*\*\_\*\*Humanity's Legacy\*\*\_\*\***, so if you're unclear, send me a politely worded message for me to clear things up for you, or read the said story.**\*\***

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The Puma's engine hummed silently as it cruised around the outskirts of Mombasa.

"Here's Mombasa, but as you can see, there is no orbital elevator." said Cortana.

"Conclusion?" asked John

"We're not at our own Earth."

"You mentioned that part already," quipped Kelly.

"Well, data collected from the satellites support the theory that we've just gone into an alternate reality. And not back through time, even though this Earth is early twenty-first century. Clearly the portal we came through was destroyed; our options are to find another way. One thing is certain though, is that the Forerunners were once present here."

The Vehicle bumped slightly as it ploughed through the remains of an animal's skeleton.

"So what do you have Cortana?" asked John.

"Well first off, there are superheroes, beings with unique superpowers. This Earth has already made contact with extra-terrestrial life."

Kelly stared blankly at John, "are you sure she's okay?"

"I trust her judgement," the reply came.

There is always a wide spectrum of reaction when a person encounters an event that carries great significance and meaning. Some are overwhelmed with joy or grief. Others just simply laugh. But in the Spartan's case, they sat silent as John continued to drive the Puma. Because, what would a person's reaction be if they found out that they were transported to an alternate dimension? There's a range of outcomes.

"What's our next step going to be if we're stuck in this reality?" asked Kelly, "how are we going to get back?"

"Running simulations, give me a moment," said Cortana, "done, the most logical choice is to establish a base of operation, somewhere that's out of the way, yet close enough to developed civilisation. The low encryption and firewalls in these satellite networks have made accessing bank accounts and information very easy. I should have everything set up for you in a few seconds. And voila, you two have separate identification and personal records, with a small sum of money in your bank accounts to keep you going."

"That's great," said a thankful Kelly, "though if I am correct, most of Africa is classified as a third world country during the twenty-first century."

"I've got that covered too."

"I do not like where this is going," sighed John.

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\_Kenyan Costal Regionsâ€|\_

The desert sun was beginning to rise over the Indian Ocean, casting a soft glow on everything it touched, as the Puma came to a halt in the sand. The soft lapsing of the waves was relaxing and peaceful. The two Spartan's dismounted and admired the view in front of them.

"Nice view," said Kelly.

John glanced at his friend; she had her helmet off, the soft breeze caress her face and played with her brunette hair.

"Well Chief, do you like the place?"

The Spartan panned his head across the green and auburn scenery. Their access to the sea would prove useful if they were compromised, the hills, trees and jagged rocks surrounding them would ward off anyone curious, overall the place was quite ideal.

"It has excellent coverage, Cortana."

"So, what's our next step?" asked Kelly.

"We'll go to a settlement and see if we can buy food and anything that can help us make prefab shelters," answered John, "we'll figure out what to do later, once we've settled in."

"Why couldn't we just go to a more developed nation?" asked Kelly.

"We will," said John, "but the portal is not too far away from here, it is possible that there will be more in this area."

"Agreed," added Cortana, "staying here will allow us to look for more portals to get back home, and we are in no shape to go into developed regions; we don't have much intel or the means."

"So what you're saying is, we go to Europe or the States or Australasia, we'll draw unwanted attention?" asked Kelly.

"Correct," confirmed the AI, "the governments here do not have the resources to look for us."

"It's easier to lay low here," said John.

And with that, the group began to set up a perimeter of sensors. The Puma didn't have much in its inventory, aside from equipment used for recons. By the time the task was completed, it was noon, which meant lunchtime. John reached into the back of the Puma and tossed Kelly a packet of beef jerky. The Lieutenant opened the bag and began to tuck into the contents.

"Food's getting better," she said as she chewed thoughtfully.

John gave a small smile as he took a swill from his water bottle, and bit into an MRE bar.

"The bars still taste just as bad though."

"Chief, satellites show that there is a town just a few kilometres north of our position. Archives show that it is under control of Ural Mercenaries and acts as an international trading post in the region. However, it has been under attack by various warlords. You can pose as a mercenary to purchase equipment there. It is most probable that they won't ask questions and have EFTPOS. I'll mark the location of the most promising store in the town."

"Sounds like our best option," said John.

The Spartans quickly finished off their food, and got back into the Puma. John started up the engines, drove out of the cove and headed towards a town just a few kilometres north. The ride was relatively smooth as any bumps would be dampened out by the shock absorbers.

As they approached the settlement, the Chief engaged the Stealth systems; the Puma vanished from sight in a wink of an eye.

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The town looked to be in good shape, somewhat. It was well developed, though riddled with bullet holes and craters caused by RPGs.

"I think it would be safe to assume that the populace have seen armoured vehicles before," said Kelly, pointing out tank tracks and twisted BTR-90s.

While Kelly waited by the Puma, John had taken off his MJOLNIR Armour and left it in the vehicle. Instead the Spartan wore tailored boots, digital grey shirt and pants, a bullet proof vest, knee-shin guards, elbow pads, gloves, wraparound photo-sensitive sunglasses, a cap and a headset. It gave him a high-end mercenary look, a disguise that would definitely hold up.

After walking down the street briefly, John spotted a store that looked like a heavily defended outpost, with its solid concrete walls that stood at three metres tall. As he stepped in, he was greeted by cool air of the store, and its respectable owner.

"Ah, welcome, my name is Mukela," said the owner courteously, with a slight accent. He was a middle aged man, with greying black hair, light brown skin and a medium build. "How may I help you?"

"What do you have?"

"I have many things in stock my friend, many people pass through this town trade with me, I'm sure I have something you need."

Mukela lead John into the yard that stretched for a hundred metres. The Spartan looked around and saw that the area was patrolled by arm guards; he also noticed a satellite dish on top of a spire that stood in the centre of the complex.

"Like I said, trade here is excellent, but there is one problem. Drala Militia constantly attack this town, they want to take it from the Ural PMC."

"Are the mercs Russian?" asked John.

"Yes," replied Mukela as he lead the Spartan passed spare car parts.

"You wouldn't be planning to take them on are you?"

"No," John shook his head, "I'm just here to buy a few things."

"Very well. What do you need?"

"Prefab shelters and ammunition."

"Ah, those I have plenty of," he beamed, "the constant fighting always make prefab shelters a good market to be in."

John smiled, pretending to be an interested merc.

"Excellent, I was also wondering if you have large trailers for me to haul these items."

"Of course my friend, I have some suitable trailers in stock."

The transaction went down well, leaving both parties very happy. John had purchased a number of prefab shelters, fences, two fully armed Humvees, fuel and ammunitions for his suppressed weapons. It took the better part of the day to rig up the vehicles and head back to camp. John drove one Humvee, while the trailer and the third Humvee was towed by Kelly.

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\_Watchtowerâ€¦|\_

Diana sat in the Founder's Private Lounge, on her recliner chair while watching the news on the wall mounted monitor.

"â€¦| In other news, Ural Private Military Corporation and Drala Militia have clashed along the northern regions of Kenya. World Leaders are currently debating if direct intervention is required," said the Correspondent, "however, Ural has released a statement that the situation is under control. The Kenyan Government has yet to comment."

"Seems like the third world is falling apart," said Shayera as she walked in and handed Diana an Ice Mocha. The Amazon gladly took the refreshment and down the contents.

Shayera then took a seat next to the princess and began to talk. "Drala Militia are full of rapists, murders and thieves. All of them fuelled by drug addiction to fight for their leaders. The Ural PMCs are disciplined hired guns, my guess is that some rich guy who has an interest in Kenya, hired the Urals to deal with the Drala."

"We cannot get involved. This is a political and corporate matter," said Diana.

"I know, and its bull. People are dying down there, and there's nothing we can do about it. We don't even know why the Ural and the Drala are going for each other's throats."

"Do you think the World Leaders will get involved?"

"I don't know Diana. So many people are killed in Africa by violence

each day. Look what happened when the US intervened with Somalia. Politicians are going to argue that what's happening right now is nothing compared to it. They don't want to have another \_black-hawk down\_ happen again. The Governments will only get involved when things escalate."

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\_Base of Operationsâ€|\_

Setting up the prefabs weren't that difficult, especially since they were designed to be built without the assistance of heavy machinery.

"Well, I say we've got a nice place here," said Kelly.

The fence ran along the perimeter of the cove, hidden behind sand blasted rocks. The prefabs stood in the centre of the complex, these shelters had a simple rectangular prism design, its green camouflage allowed it to blend with its surrounds, there were solar panels on the roof, and the interior was metallic white. The prefabs were arranged in such a way that they formed one large building. The first floor was for storage, food supplies, Command and Control, and an undercover parking for the vehicles. The second floor was considerably smaller; the prefabs were placed in a U-shape, creating a deck that watched over the ocean. It served as the living quarters of the Spartans.

Satisfied that the fundamentals in place, the Spartans then unpacked the Puma and installed security measures into the building, of course, the base wasn't yet outfitted with conventional defensive capabilities, the Spartans would therefore, have to rely on the sensors and the vehicles. Still, if all went well, no one would know the place. And maybe in the next week or so, John could go and buy some weapons from Mukela.

When the sun had finally settled over the horizon, John and Kelly prepared a warm meal hearty meal of beef steak and mashed potatoes. The two sat in the lounge area where John had rigged up a holo-display, allowing Cortana to give her presentation.

"So here's what we know so far, this world has being with meta abilities," began the AI, "these abilities vary from super strength, super speed, flight, energy protection, andâ€| magic."

"I'll accept energy projection," said Kelly, "but magic? Really?"

"Really, don't worry, it's not the 'I curse you' type of magic."

"That's comforting to know," said John sarcastically.

"Exactly my point," said Kelly as she took another bite.

"Moving on," said Cortana, "obviously there are factions when it comes to these metas. The Justice League, as their name suggests, aim to help the world, they provide disaster relief and protection, free of charge."

"Then where does their funding come from then?"

"It was difficult to track, took me a full minute to locate their source," said Cortana, admiring the skill of whoever did this. For someone to keep a Smart-AI at bay for a full minute was quite an achievement, then again, internet connection did play a major factor. "The money comes from Wayne Enterprises, owned by Bruce Wayne. According to tabloids, he is a billionaire playboy, obviously this is a cover. It can be safe to assume that he has close affiliations with the Justice League. I do not have sufficient information to accurately determine Bruce's other identity."

"What else do you have on the Justice League?" asked John.

"Well, a moderate amount of their funding comes from the UN, but the majority is from Wayne Enterprises. The Justice League operate from an orbital station, I have estimated that they have at around one-hundred metas and a few hundred non-meta maintenance staff. The organisation itself was founded by seven members; Wonder Woman, Hawkgirl, Flash, Green Lantern, Superman, Batman, and Martian Manhunter, over time they recruited more people, meta, non-meta vigilantes and civilian workers. Of course there are many who oppose the Justice League. They're villains and shady Government branches and certain corporations."

"Anyone who could be a direct threat to us?" asked Kelly.

"LexCorp and Cadmus, LexCorp is owned by Lex Luthor, a non-meta who harbours an extreme hatred for Superman, and has great ambitions for power. Cadmus, or Project Cadmus, or Cadmus Project, is an organisation filled with Power brokers, politicians, criminals, black-ops, mercenaries with a skewed goal of protecting humanity."

Various images appeared on the display.

Cortana's avatar did the quotation marks gesture as she said 'protecting'.

"These two groups will want to use our technology. However I cannot monitor them as they have separate networks that I cannot access wirelessly."

"If we stay here for the time being, we'll be fine," said John.

"What else do you have on the Justice League's founding members?" asked Kelly.

"Not much. Wonder Woman is an Amazon warrior from Themyscira."

"The Island that is populated by women?" asked Kelly, recalling Deja's lessons on Greek Mythology.

"Yes." Cortana nodded, "Hawkgirl, her name is Shayera Hol, she's a Thanagarian,"

"Just a quick question, how'd you know Hawkgirl's identity?" asked Kelly, "I thought you didn't have that information."

"Hawkgirl and Green Lantern are soldiers; they don't bother hiding their identities."

Hawkgirl's image appeared on screen, followed by a few clips of her in combat.

"Impressive," muttered Kelly.

"Hawkgirl came to Earth to survey the planet. She however, unwittingly paved the way for a Thanagarian invasion€|"

Cortana then delved into the backgrounds of the Gordanian and Thanagarian War, and why Earth was involved.

"As you can see, Earth was in a suited location to create a hyperspace portal that would allow the Thanagarians to bypass the Gordanian's maginot sphere and attack their homeworld. So when the portal was activated, it would destroy whatever planet it was built on. Shayera had a crisis of allegiance, but eventually allied herself with Earth and aided in the destruction of the portal, which I might add, was done by the work of Batman. Crazy bastard flew the first Watchtower straight into it. Why they didn't decided to build the portal on Luna, I'll never know."

Cortana shook her head.

"He's almost bad as you John," smirked Kelly.

John just rolled his eyes. "What else do you have on the rest?"

"There's Superman, the name says it all. He has super strength, super speed and ultra-sensitive hearing. News articles shows that he's from a planet named Krypton, however his species possessed no powers when on their homeworld, which lead to the near extinction of the Kryptonian race. He is adored and loved by many. Other than that, there isn't that much on personal information."

"Flash."

"He can move at extreme speeds on foot; however he causes little turbulence when doing so. Additional reports show that he can direct the flow of air with his speed."

"I thought he didn't create any turbulence," said Kelly.

"It seems that creating turbulence is part of his unique ability. Anyone who moves as fast as he does would shatter ever pane of glass in the vicinity."

"I take it Superman did that?" asked Kelly.

"Yes, in one of his fights against an alien known as Doomsday, their punches caused windows to shatter."

"Okay, how about Batman?" asked John as he finished up the rest of his mas potatoes.

"Non-meta, hone his skills and body to near superhuman. He could be our Bruce Wayne. News reporters dub him camera shy; he's rarely seen

by the media."

John turned his attention to the screen and saw glimpses of a man in black armour and cape, resembling a bat.

"Creepy," commented Kelly.

"Okay, Green Lantern and Martian Manhunter."

"Green Lantern, also known as John Stewart former US Marine, now part of the Green Lantern Corps. They're considered to be the policing Force of the known universe, though their numbers are spread thin. They use rings that project an electromagnetic field; the rings draw power from the user's willpower. Martian Manhunter is a shapeshifter from Mars, he's the last of his kind. They were killed by aliens known as the Imperium."

John sat in his chair for a moment, contemplating what he had just learned.

"Thanks for the information Cortana."

"No problem, I'll forward additional articles to your tacpad."

"Now on matters closer to us, what's the story in this region?"

"As I mentioned earlier, Ural PMC are clashing with Drala Militia. Legally, the Ural are allowed to be here

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The sun rose gently over the sea, casting an orange glow. It reminded John, of Reach for some strange reason. He was probably homesick. Ever since he arrived in this universe, he never got much sleep. His mind constantly wandered, he constantly thought about the war back home, and how to get back. But he quickly stuffed those thoughts away and threw on his mercenary disguise. He did feel a bit naked without the MJOLNIR, but the BDU provided was to allow UNSC Operatives to work in a yellow-zone environment "also known as Innies zones" without panicking the civilian population. After attaching his tacpad and interfacing his wraparound sunglasses to the BDU, John tucked the cap and headset under his arm, and went to prepare breakfast.

He found Kelly had already made him a plate of bacon and eggs. She also was wearing similar gear, and had her hair tied in a ponytail.

"Delicious," John said as chewed on the perfectly cooked piece of bacon.

Kelly smiled. "What's the plan for today?"

"Finish breakfast, then we look around Voi."

"Why Voi?" asked Kelly.

"Because that's where the portal was in our world."

"Agreed," added Cortana, "I'll stay in the Puma and provide logistics. You two will have to go in you disguises, I'll provide

constant updates via the satellite network."

**\*\*...\*\***

John made sure that the Humvee's minigun was detached from the vehicle and placed back inside the complex before setting off. He wasn't too keen on explaining to the authorities why he had a minigun if they were to stop him. However, the Spartan was aware of the possible dangers in the area, so he packed an M6C/SOCOM and a suppressed DM201 EBR. Both weapons did resemble 21st Century weapons and fired bullets, thus it would not arouse any suspicion. The DM201 EBR resembled the RSASS, whereas the M6C/SOCOM looked like the H&K MK23.

Kelly was also thinking the same thing and selected the same load out.

Satisfied with their preparation, John started the Humvees engines and drove towards Voi, with the Puma going stealth and off road.

**\*\*XXxxXX\*\***

**\*\*A/N: whew, done with this chapter.\*\***

**\*\*Don't worry, there's going to be plenty of shooting coming up soon.\*\***

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*XXxxXX\*\***

John kept the Humvee steady on the carved out road. It was that time of year, when Africa was in its wet season. His eyes scanned across the green and brown meshed environment of any hostiles. So far, they had passed a few cattle herders and their livestock, a couple of tour buses, and travelling families. Of course, going through developed or settled areas had forced Cortana to take the Puma a long way around.

"Chief," Cortana's voice crackled over his headset.

"Go ahead Cortana," said John as he touched the earpiece.

"I'm about fourteen kilometres from your position; the suspected portal location is at least a seven hour drive at your current velocity. Nine hours if I include you going through Voi."

"Copy that, out," said the Spartan as he terminated the link.

"We're about a thirty minutes away from Voi," said Kelly, looking at the GPS function on her tacpad. Cortana had taken the liberty of synchronizing their equipment with whatever satellite resources were available.

The Humvee shook slightly as it hit a small bump in the road.

"These roads looked like a tank ran over them," said Kelly, looking at the tracks in the asphalt.



"They look worse than that," said John.

By the time they arrived at Voi, it was about two in the afternoon. John and Kelly had rolled up their sleeves to just below the elbow, allowing their arms some respite from the heat. The two looked around to see if they could find a grocery stall or store that looked safe to purchase food from. Kelly tied her hair and looped it through the slot at the back of her cap, and then eased back on her sunglasses.

"Lot of civvies around here," said Kelly as she checked her DM201 EBR.

\_BOOM! KRAKOOM!\_

A quick succession of violent explosions tore through the crowded streets of Voi, followed by sporadic gunfire.

"Head down!" barked John as he ducked in front of the board. Kelly did the same as bullets smashed through the windows and riddled the car's hull.

"Chief, what's going on?" Cortana's voice crackled across the headset, "Give me a sitrep."

"Militia are attacking Voi!" yelled John as he pushed open the door and pulled himself out. Kelly then quickly followed him; the passenger side of the Humvee was the most exposed. The two then lay down prone on the road, pulled up their "neck warmers" to cover their faces, and scanned the area for any hostiles in the open.

"I got a bead on a shooter in the third floor," said Kelly. She gently squeezed the trigger and felt her weapon shudder as it coughed an armour piercing round. The trooper jerked violently as the bullet slammed through the concrete wall and tore his chest apart.

John then spotted a group of militia mercilessly gunning down civilians with their AKs, the spent casing clattered onto the ground as they yelled insults and curses. The real time translation software in the Spartan's Positronic Brain Implants whispered what the militia were saying, in perfect English, a feat only capable by high-end real time translators.

"Kill them all! The Government and Ural must pay!"

Rounds whizzed in all directions with the militia firing indiscriminately, and as each moment passed, the intensity increased.

"More militia on the roof tops John!" yelled Kelly as she eliminated a few more shooters.

John shifted his aim left and squeezed the trigger gently, toppling two combatants with one shot.

"Chief," said Cortana, "what's your situation?"

"We're pinned and our Humvees out of action."

"I can't get to you without breaking cover, the Kenyan Defence Forces are moving to blockade Voi and contain the Drala."

The Spartan quickly contemplated his options, he couldn't risk the Puma being compromised, if anyone saw it in action here at Voi, suspicions would be aroused.

"Copy that, stay where you are and keep us posted," said John, "see if you can cut off any Militia reinforcements."

"You got it Chief."

The link switched off, and John tapped Kelly on the shoulder.

"Come on, we got to get out of here," urged the Chief.

Kelly took a quick glance back at the Humvee.

"Vehicles done over anyway, let's go."

The two quickly sprinted across the street and over a couple of dead bodies before having to take cover again. Rounds struck the area around them with great force, sending bits of dirt and brick in all directions. The Spartan's hearing immediately picked up on the sound of a heavy calibre machine gun, approaching their position.

"Technical," said Kelly.

The Ute rounded the corner, the gunner opened fire with a Russian Heavy Machine Gun. The high calibre bullets punched through brick and concrete cleanly, forcing the Spartans to move from cover to cover. John sprinted into the open and then dived behind the car. The gunner shifted his fire and began to tore through the car's allow. Then, Kelly broke from cover and fired at the vehicle. The driver and passenger shuddered as the rounds tore through their chest and killing them instantly. This prompted the gunner to shift his fire again, but he couldn't keep up with the speed Kelly was moving at, so his rounds flew past harmlessly and embedded themselves onto the road. This gave John an opening; he lined up the gunner in his sights and fired.

The Spartan's first round collided into the barrel of the machine gun, causing the heavy weapon to jam. The next round tore off the receiver and into the militiamen. The young man clutched his chest as blood began to ooze out.

Kelly finished off the last of the militia in the area, the streets grew quieter again.

The two approached the militiamen; he was still alive, barely.

"My brothers spoke of you," he said as blood dribbled out of his mouth, "they say you're not human, they say you're always watching," he coughed and shuddered, his eyes began to roll back. His grip slackened and he slumped against the wheel, drawing his last breath.

"Let's move," said John.

"Rooftops?"

John nodded. Moving on rooftops would be their best option as it would allow them to avoid being locked down in a firefight and give them advantage of elevation. Kelly slung her rifle onto her back and sprinted up the wall, stretching out her fingers and grabbing onto a window sill. She tightened her grip and then propelled herself onto a balcony. Making sure that the area was clear, she motioned for John to follow.

**\*\*XXxxXX\*\***

\_Watchtowerâ€|\_

Wonder Woman, Hawkgirl and Huntress quickly ran to a Javelin after having heard of what was going on in Voi. The Kenyan Military had gone into action and engaged heavy resistance of Drala Milita in and around the town.

Diana quickly strapped herself into the pilot seat and started up the engines. The Javelin hummed as its thrusters flared to life, and roared as the vehicle left the hangar.

"The Government would've taken action sooner or later," commented Shayera, "wonder if the world powers are going to get involved though."

"Politics, it's a strange game, a lot of grey," said Huntress.

"Politicians are cowards for not taking the direct action," said Diana.

"Being direct can be misinterpreted and cause war Wonder Woman," rebutted Huntress, "diplomacy and subtlety is key. You wouldn't believe the number of times countries were close to starting wars."

"Politicians don't get anything done though," argued the Amazon.

"Every politician gets things done, it's just their work becomes countered or counterproductive. There have been some instances when politicians made it look they weren't doing anything at all, when they were actually doing a lot, behind the scenes."

"Those behind the scenes work were for personal gain or to start wars."

"Some of the time, others had been to avert war, or to rescue nationals."

"Okay, how about the current crisis in Kenya?"

"An instance of the many outcomes or causes," answered Huntress.

"Look, we're a bit upset by the situation, but focus," said Shayera stepping in, "someone has to be profiting from all of this. We're just here to save innocent lives for now."

What Hawkgirl said was true, the three of them were greatly unsettled by militiamen opening fire on civilians, from the ground reports children were also being killed as well.

"Kenyan Military knows that we're on our way," said Huntress as she read over the briefings.

The Javelin descended through the atmosphere, Diana brought the craft in gently as to not overheat the hulls. The sky began to become bluer in colour; the clouds began to enlarge in size. Soon, it was easy to see the green trees and the defensive positions the Kenyan Military had set up.

The landing gears hissed as they extended from beneath the Javelin, and touched down gently on the grassy plains. The ramp then quickly dropped down and the trio walked out.

"Ah, the Justice League," said a well-built Colonel.

"What can we do for you?" asked Wonder Woman.

"We are heavily engaged with Drala Militia and cannot fight our way into the town. You would help us greatly by evacuating any survivors in the city."

"Consider it done."

**\*\*XXxxxXX\*\***

**\*\*A/N: This hadn't occurred to me until recently, until a reviewer unwittingly brought it up.\*\***

**\*\*So, I was thinking of introducing a small romantic element into the story for the Spartans. I would like to ask your opinion of it, whether in for or against it.\*\***

End  
file.